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mere trifle. Probably the only part of the outfit that would have any commercial value at all is the black goat's-hair tent, which affords a poor shelter from the cold in winter and from the heat in summer. And along with extreme poverty there goes an astonishing lack of any sense of cleanliness or order. The tent of a Bedouin could be little more disorderly if it were taken by some giant hand, shaken like a dice box, and the contents allowed to rest where they fell. The furniture consists of few things and poor. There are the remnants of one or more cotton stuffed quilts. These are both bed and bed clothes. There are a few skins to hold drinking water and a few skin basins. Some shaped sticks are tied together to make camel saddles. The outfit will also include a copper kettle for the cooking of food, a battered coffee pot for the making of coffee and usually a wooden bowl. This bowl, which may be the only eating utensil belonging to the household, has probably never been washed in its history. At times milk is drunk out of it, and at times rice and meat are eaten from it. The grease with which it is covered has long since exceeded the absorption limit of the wood and for years has been plastered on to the outside. Under such circumstances the prevalence of disease excites no wonder; the wonder is that many maintain excellent health.

The Bedouins clothes are a loin cloth beneath and shirt above, which shirt resembles a loose nightgown and reaches to his ankles. Over this is worn an old disreputable *aba* or cloak, in cut resembling nothing so much as a college gown. All of these are usually in a state of great disrepair and show an acute need of laundering. The town Arabs, who look with scorn on the desert Bedouin, assert that when he buys a new undershirt, he puts

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it on over his old one, and since none of his garments are ever removed, the older garment gradually falls to pieces and after a while disappears altogether. This story, like much of the fiction of the world, though not strictly accurate is based on painful truth, for baths are not so frequent in the Bedouin's life as they should be, and the laundering of clothes is still less adequate.

But it is easy to blame the Bedouin for being dirty. Dirty he certainly is and his clothes even more so, but what is to be expected when water is so scarce that for lack of it animals frequently go thirsty, and sometimes even men? We forget that cleanliness is a luxury, and a very expensive luxury at that. Through the summer the Bedouin women wash their hair in camel's urine because water is so precious that it cannot be wasted for such a purpose. The men apparently go without washing. Clothes require no comment, for their condition is what might be imagined. By far the commonest hunting in Arabia is the hunt for wild game in the hair and clothes. It is always successful. The ablutions required before prayers are commonly performed with sand. The delight of such people upon arriving at some place where water is abundant and where bodies and clothes can be washed is a good thing to see.

The diet of these desert Arabs is ordinarily very frugal. A drink of camel's milk and a handful of dates are a day's rations for an adult, and more is not expected. There will also be an occasional drink of coffee, of which the Bedouin is inordinately fond. Even the poorest Bedouin tent will have some sort of a battered and worn coffee pot for this purpose. Bread is a rare luxury in such homes, and meat even a rarer one. A feeble old camel on the verge of dissolution will render a last service